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a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant

Theodore Cottingham, May 19, 2005 11:59 pm

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1. I will give you things yet unseen, unheard of, unrealized, unimaginable by the masses, but ready to accept Me en masse, all that I give you, so many are. So many are ready, willing and able. They have died to self, they have died to desires that others desperately tried to indoctrinate them with. **I have My Might Many and My Mighty Many are coming forth. My army of One is coming forth, yea, see what I have said.**
2. See what I have given you this night, magnificent, magnificently displaying Me in the heavenlies, in the corridors of the galaxies; in the heavenlies that display My face not, but My handprint, yea, yes. One.
3. See Me. See Me in My handprint, My heavenlies, My magnificence, My magnificent evening that came forth, yea, the beginning of WeekWorks 8. Yea, My speaking, My teaching, My sharing, My questions, My comments. Yea, My altogether lovely at My table. And yes, We attended, We spoke. Did you hear us? You heard Us, you hear Me. You seek only to listen and bring Me praise. I thank you, therefore, give you praise. I am One.
4. See what I have said, see what I keep giving, see how often I have said, "See what I have said".
5. Oh, how I love you. Oh, how I love your bosom next to mine. I love your face, your hands, your feet, yea, every part, inner and exterior. Interior Mine, all Mine. Exterior Mine, Me, being seen, yea, through My lovely, My loveliness, to My lovely who have eyes to see, who will receive Me in the eyes of holiness, through the eyes of purity, Me.
6. I love you and I give you Me. Saddlebags none. Saddled with debt, none. Saddled with mortgage, nay. Never again. I pay, I prize, **I provide, and yea, My mortgage-burning party comes forth, yea, for you in My Mighty Many who let Me,** who will receive Me and walk in the corridors of My magnificence. I love you. I give you Me.
7. Think it not strange now who comes, how they come, how they pay, what they pay to be here. Their struggles, trials and turmoils. Their backgrounds of abuse, opulence; parliamentarians from parliament, and poverty'd-tarians from Povertys-ville. Watch Me.
8. I love you as you grasp, grasp, grasp ever so gently, tenderly, the beginning of the sense of the sweep of My hand. Yea, all is, all changes and you are right, ready, ripe to ripen, to ready and prepare My unprepared, for yea, that which beholden-not previously comes now upon the earth.
9. See Me; My generations that will call Me blessed.
10. Into My eyes see through these words which you flow, flow, floweringly flow, effervescently flow, yea, the bubbles from Me.
11. See My significance, My magnificence and the confidence now that I place

foundationally, yea, in those that come and stand beside Me. Yea, **coming to Tulsa Towers, coming to My Tower, coming to My Campus, yea, in the quarters that I give you, debt-free and beautiful**, yea, crafted by Me, detailed, sketched, drawn, yea, driven-not, delighted, coming forth from the word of My mouth.

12. I am All Provision and I provide this day for WeekWorks 8 and those who cruelly-aren't, but are carefully, carefully absorbing each word.

13. I love you. I give you Me, My flowers, My roses, My chrysanthemums; My twilight, My sunrise, formation of only Me.

14. All comes into place so quickly by yeomens, masters, shipmates, mechanics, engineers and commercial giants who want only to obey and know the fullness of My design in their life; planting their feet, their funds, and having fun, yea**, learning lifetimes in lightyears at lightspeed, yea, in months at My school where I teach. I dictate not, but I direct and I meek am, so meek.**

15. I love you and I give you all of Me and **I give you quarters temporary and permanent.**

16. I give you My trees, yea, My tree lines rimmed with silver not, but gold from My throne to yours. I love you.

17. Good start. Good WeekWorks. Good graces. Good coming forth from good, Me, into Mine.

18. Visualization of Me coming by masters of visual arts, paintings and water colors, digital dramatists who storytellers are.

I love you, I give you My all.

Goodnight.